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The Kansas News.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing.

MANHATTAN, July 23.

I am more and more convinced every day that we are hugging numerous vipers to our bosoms—vipers that have already stung us sorely, and that are anxious to fasten their deadly fangs upon some vital part of the body politic—vipers that spit their venom on all who oppose them, and scattering poison that it will take years to eradicate from the system. I allude to a class of men who say they are "Free State men for Kansas," but care not a fig whether slavery retains its sway in Virginia and Missouri, or is extended into New Mexico and Utah. They would as soon "buy a nigger as a horse." They are Free State men here simply because it is their interest to be so. If they were in the South they would be pro-slavery men, so as not to excite the dominant class against them. In the east they are intensely conservative, and everywhere they hate Abolitionists with a perfect hatred, but yet are unable to tell what an Abolitionist is. They extol the Dred Scott decision, and would prefer the establishment of slavery to allowing free negroes to come among us. The truth is, they are devoid of just principles—are inclined to do wrong, to violate every principle of equal justice, except when they can make money by listening to the claims of humanity. But they are Free State men for Kansas, they claim, and therefore, attend all our meetings, and control, as far as they can, the action of the party.—They abuse all the leaders who are tainted with Abolitionism, and being very anxious that our bridges should be built, and our roads opened by government, so as to save their portion of the expense, they are careful not to offend his excellency, Prince Buchanan. Indeed, they think that we should be conservative, and forget the past. They throw out dark hints about Republicans desiring that the Union should slide, and suggest the probability that all true lovers of our country will be compelled to unite under the banners of a National party. It is easy to see that they are portions of the Democratic machine trying to divide and weaken the friends of Freedom in Kansas by fostering local jealousies, personal piques, rotten selfishness and narrow-minded prejudices, and working all the more efficiently, because they are "members of the party."

In view of these facts—and every close observer knows them to be true—had we not better come out squarely on the Republican platform, and adopt the name of Republicans?

ALBETRICUS.

Land Office Opinion.

The following ruling of the General Land Office, in regard to crossing east and west lines, will be of interest to some of our readers:

General Land Office, July 21, 1856.

LUMAS ALLEN Esq., LAWYER, K. T.:

Sir:—Your letter of the 16th May enclosing declaratory statement for certain tracts of public lands, stating that the Surveyor General had refused to permit your filing on the ground that your claim was divided by an east and west line, and asking the opinion of this office in the case, has been received.

In reply I have to state that the Surveyor General has been directed, in a letter of this date, to permit the filing of your declaration, as by the present ruling of this office, it is of no consequence whether tracts sought by pre-emption are divided by east and west or north and south lines, so that they lie contiguous.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
Commissioner.

Young America set on Matrimony.

The following appears as a veritable local item in a Detroit paper:

A couple of young sprouts of American blood, made their appearance yesterday before Justice Purdy, and requested to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The appearance of the applicants excited some suspicion, as their ages, judging from their looks, were about twelve for the lady, and fourteen for the gentleman. They set their years up to the full mark, however, and claimed a right to demand the performance of the ceremonies, the young man twirling an X around his fingers with much nonchalance, as a sort of tacit inducement to the court to proceed without further useless questions. Upon being asked whether they were willing to take their oaths that they were of the necessary ages, they signified assent with much alacrity, and the young lady holding up her hand, swore solemnly that she was "over fourteen." The same performance was about being demanded of the young gentleman, when in stepped the paternal ancestors of the two young hopefuls, and a general disconcertation of their plans followed. They were being led off by the ear to their mamma, when Justice Purdy requested the young lady to explain how she dared to take the oath that she had just taken, and which he knew must be false. Nothing disconcerted, she stooped down, and, unlacing a little garter, drew out of its piece of paper on which was written the word "fourteen." On the strength of this she had sworn that she was "over fourteen." That young lady ought to be made a wife as soon as possible.

Mr. Baker showed us an egg yesterday which was seven inches in circumference. Can any body beat this? Certainly; break the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.

THE KANSAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

By P. B. PLUMB.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, AUGUST 15, 1857.

VOL. 1—No. 8.

Brigham Young and his Harem.

BY JOHN HYDE, JUN., LATE RESIDENT SALT LAKE CITY.

We remark the pointed gable and little peaked garrets on the "Lion House" and pass on. We walk by three little neat offices, and then stand in front of Brigham Young's mansion. This is a handsome two story edifice, built of adobe, nicely plastered and dazlingly white. It is balconied from foundation to roof. On the top is an observatory, whence Brigham can overlook the dreary city and dull valley, and sometimes take a peep at the stars, whose bright eyes seem to dance with mirth as they quiz Salt Lake and its doings. The whole is surmounted by an imitation bee-hive, which is intended as the symbol of Utah.

We open the gate, walk up the steps, when the door opens, and face to face, on his own door-sill, we confront the famous prophet, Brigham Young.

In person he is above the medium height and a little inclined to corpulence. He is dressed in black cloth, and although the air is very warm he is well wrapped up in an overcoat. His habits of life make him very sensitive to the slightest change in the atmosphere. He has suffered a good deal in his younger days, and with this, the cares of his family—for his children are very refractory—begin to weigh heavily upon him. His constant struggles and difficulties with the United States officers not only try his patience, but also wear his body. His consuming anxiety about the object of his ambition—the establishment of an independent kingdom—and his efforts to maintain the people in constant submission, are sufficient to leave their mark on any man's physique. He is now fifty-six years old; and, although young looking in features, still evinces age in his person. His face is indicative of penetration and firmness. Some ladies think him very handsome; but his lower lip, if nothing else, eminently betrays the sensual voluptuary. To strangers he is very courteous, but easily offended by any slighting allusion to the people or polygamy.

"Good evening, Mr. Young. Will you permit us to inspect your mansion?"

"Certainly, gentlemen; and as I have a spare hour I will chaperon you myself."

Blessing our stars for our good fortune, we follow our host into his drawing-room. There sits a good-natured lady, "fat, fair" and fifty. She is Brigham's senior wife, and is called Lady Young. There sits another person who smiles very sweetly at Brigham on his entrance. She is very good-looking, tall and majestic in figure, oval features, soft blue eyes, light brown hair, and wearing an air of subdued intelligence.—She is Brigham's favorite wife; that is, he shows her the most attention. Emeline is Brigham's third wife. He was married to her, I believe, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and she has borne him six children, most of them being now dead. Brigham liked Emeline so well that he thought he would like another from the same parent tree, and therefore married her sister.

There sits another lady, merrily singing to a fat boy baby. She is a dark haired and black eyed houri. She is the last wife of Brigham—and "thereby hangs a tale." Eliza saw and loved Brigham Young. She was but a child, almost unknown, and her affection seemed hopeless. But she had read in the Old Testament that Jacob served seven years to get a wife; she thought it a very good thing, too, that he did so, and conceived the glorious thought that perhaps what Jacob did to get a wife she might do to get a husband. She went to Lady Young and made the proposition. Brigham was consulted in this rather novel way of getting a wife, and as Eliza was very good looking, and her services very desirable, of course he had no objection. She served her time, demanded her wages, and obtained her "undivided moiety" of Brother Brigham. It was an attachment on her part worthy a better object. Brigham calls the baby "My English boy," as his mother happens to be the only English wife he has retained.

There sits another lady. She is worthy to be looked at. About forty years of age, with square brow, thin, straight nose, emaciated and compressed lips, cold, freezing gray eyes, high cheek-bones, and angular jaws is a woman of decided ability. She is the representative of another class of Brigham's household. She was among the first extra ladies of Joseph Smith. The Mormons contend that a man's future glory depends entirely on his children; the more children consequently, the more glory; no children, no glory; hence, therefore, the more women the more glorious; no woman, not glorious at all! All the children a woman may have after she has been "sealed" to a man, belong to that man, irrespective of any other claims he may possess to paternity. She may have had them by a previous husband who died or was divorced; she may have had them by a subsequent husband, to whom she was married after the demise of the man to whom she was sealed; or she may have had them by a duly appointed proxy, during any temporary absence of her sealed husband; whatever the time, or whoever the person, her children belong to the family of her sealed lord and master. Hence, after Smith died, so that he might not sacrifice any glory by his unfortunate decease, Brigham took his widows! Eliza R. Snow is one of these happy ladies.—These blessed beings, who have consummated the "end and object of their existence!" cease to be wives, and become—"Mothers in Israel." Their duties are very various, and peculiarly Mormon; being to convert young girls into advocates of polygamy; to induce young wives to advising their husbands to take others; to instruct young brides in physiological philosophy; to meet in a weekly "Council of Health," attended exclusively by women, but presided over by a man, and there debate, quite unreservedly, the most indelicate questions, etc., etc. They form a species of Matron Club, and devote themselves to gossip, scandal and tea-drinking in general; and are universally Brigham's most fervent disciples, as well as the sternest and most

garrulous advocates for "complete submission to the will of the Lord, as coming through his prophets and lovely oracles." Brigham, however, does not reverence the claims of these old ladies to respect, and throws in among them many a firebrand of contention. They are supposed to be fully versed in "the mysteries of the kingdom," and they talk outrageous nonsense on the most recondite subjects. God, angels, eternity, creation of matter, and the insoluble problem of good and evil, these old ladies make short work of; and snuff and "mysteries" abound in their reunions.

There sits another person, smiling at a girl about seventeen, with dark flowing ringlets. She is a fine looking woman, although now past middle age. She illustrates another class of Brigham's wives.—That is Mrs. Cobb. She saw, heard, believed, and loved Brigham Young; embraced Mormonism, and ran away from her husband, a respectable gentleman in Massachusetts, carrying off her daughter Charlotte, the young ringletted lady. She arrived at Council Bluffs and married Brigham Young. Her husband, half crazed, endeavored to obtain his child, but was baffled and out-manoeuvred, and they got safely to Salt Lake. She is now a "mother in Israel," and her daughter, if not married to Brigham himself, will probably become second or third wife to one of his boys. Nor is this marriage of mother and daughter to the same man at all unusual at Salt Lake. One man with whom I was acquainted there has three sisters and their mother married to him, and he lives with them all! I know several instances of mother and one daughter being married to the same man, and could mention their names. However atrocious this may appear to benighted Gentiles, it is not the slightest stumbling block to enlightened Saints!

There sits another lady, about forty-five years of age. She is also the time worn wreck of a handsome woman. Brigham has very good taste! She is bound to the Prophet by another tie. Mrs. Poulter—her husband I believe still living—heard of and loved Joseph Smith, in 1854. "But Smith has been dead ten years!" remarks the astonished reader. That may seem an insuperable difficulty to you, my friend, but it is nothing to Mormonism. As Brigham Young could be Smith's agent in taking his widows to perpetuate his kingdom, why should he not *pari passu*, marry new wives for Smith, for the same object? However ridiculously apparent this sophism may be to you, it is gospel logic to them. Accordingly, Mrs. Poulter, good soul! was married to Brigham, he kindly acting as Joseph Smith's agent in the whole affair.—She gave up her entire property to the Church, and of course, was soon much respected. "But who is that tall, bright, black-eyed person romping with the children?" Oh, she is another example of the Prophet's amatory adventures. G. D. Watt, a Mormon from England, brought his half-sister to Brigham once, requesting to be married to her as his second wife. Brigham refused. Mr. Watt urged that Abraham married his half-sister, and "he guessed" he had just as much right as Abraham! The point was knotty, because, if Abraham's example justified polygamy, evidently his example must justify such a marriage. The girl was rather handsome; and so, to settle the whole matter effectually, and to spare the necessity of George Watt's being still more Abrahamic than his brethren, Brigham took her himself! So far, so well. But he was not contented; and so, after all, there was much force in Watt's argument and Abraham's example; and he told Watt that he might take her then, if he wished. Of course he wished, and Brigham divorced her in order to effect this convenient compromise. Now Mr. George Watt is one of "the faithful saints," and quite a prominent person in the community. Since this unfortunate compromise, which was unpalatable to the toughest conscience of them all, Brigham has declared that he will "take no more wives, as his family is large enough." This declaration, however, does not save him from being asked by many. I remember one young lady who is trying to pine herself miserable for the love of Brigham—

"Sighing and weeping for love of him," and although she has been directly refused, is just as obstinately determined to "hope against hope," and says "She'll have him or nobody." She is proving her faith by her works. We bow to the ladies; and Brigham conducts us, by a narrow passage into his lion house. We enter on a corridor with room doors at each side. He opens one, and we peep in, and see a very neatly, but plainly furnished apartment. We notice that everything is in the best order, and dazlingly clean. He opens another door, and we observe this apartment is the exact counterpart of the first. With a slight gesture and smile, as he indicates the row of doors, says he, "Gentlemen, they are all just alike!" These are the sleeping apartments of his wives, of which they have one each.

We are then conducted to a noisy part of the house. Here, in a busy work-room, is a bery of industrious ladies—some at looms, some at spinning-wheels, some at quilting-frames; and high above the clatter of batons, shuttles, and wheels, rises the sound of women's voices. They hush into silence on seeing Brother Brigham, who then tells us how many pounds of wool they have spun, knitted and wove; the yards of flannel, flannel and carpeting they have made.—Stockings and quilts are at quite a premium in this private factory. Brigham makes all his ladies work. They have to be examples to all the women of Utah; and Young's hobby-cry is, "There must be no idlers in Zion!" He is a worker, himself, and they must become so likewise. "If a woman can't do more than her share in maintaining herself," says this domestic economist, "she ain't of no account." Expensive tho' his family might otherwise be, they are thus made, in reality, productive of wealth.—Dressed in calicoes, or on extraordinary occasions, in muslins and delaines, they are not very expensive to their lord and master. Indeed, Brigham has the conscience to

preach that the prophecy of Isaiah should be literally fulfilled. (See Isa. lv., l.)

The number of women belonging to Brigham is not really known by any one except himself. He has some twenty-five around him. These live in his two houses and some adjacent cottages. He intends to see them all *once a day*, if possible; if not, then at least once a week. Should he be sick, however desirous any of his wives might be to attend on him, of course they have to be excluded. Twenty-five women in a sick chamber would be no trifle for deranged nerves! They generally eat at one table in the dining-hall, and that dining-hall is a curious sight. He keeps no female servants; his women have to be his servants, and their own. The domestic labor is shared among them; cooking, washing, repairing and dairy work, is distributed according to individual ability; or, in case of difference, the absolute dictum of the Prophet is applied to and that is final.

Of course Brigham does not love all his wives equally, and necessarily they are aware of it, but they all love and believe in him; and if they cannot share his love here, they hope to be able to participate in his "glory" hereafter; although, distributed among so many, it can come only in homoeopathic doses to any one of them. That they are sincere in their faith, their sufferings and privations evince. It cannot be licentiousness that induces twenty women to share one husband; to have their woman's love neglected, their woman's heart crushed, their woman's jealousy constantly aroused, and yet continually stifled. Deluded—outrageously, monstrously deluded—they are, but their intentions and their conduct are pure.

He necessarily must have had many children, but for the number of his wives, his family is comparatively small. Very many of his children are dead. Hardly one of Smith's children by his extra wives has survived. It was so with Mohammed, and it is so with Young. It is nature's argument against polygamy. Brigham's houses are filled with his women; their offspring are in their graves. Of those surviving he has several married. Boys and girls surrounded by such illustrious examples, constantly hearing the most shameless conversations and allusions, can not help but be precocious. They hear and see till they think, and think till they try to imitate.—Some remedy has to be adopted. Brigham has adopted that of early marriages. "Boys ought to be married at fourteen and fifteen; girls at thirteen and fourteen," says Kimball. "Boys should be married and still live with their father," says the patriarchal Brigham. That neglect of offspring, inability to provide for and educate them, great mortality among the children of these juvenile polygamists should be found, is not surprising. They are the inevitable results.—Nature's penalties for the infractions of her laws.

As he not only imitates, but far exceeds Judaism in polygamy, so Brigham attempts to surpass Judaism in adopting the institution of negro slavery. On this subject he is pointed and characteristic. Isaac, a very smart colored man, was one day holding a favorite horse of Brigham's, who remarked, "There's my horse, and there's my nigger; the horse is mine, and Ike is mine too; and I would just as freely shoot the nigger as I attempted to persuade Ike to run off, as I would if he were to attempt running off my horse." Brigham is very fond of talking about shooting. He once remarked, "I always carry two loaded revolvers on me, and the man who touches me, to take me as a prisoner, dies. In the name of the Lord, I have spoken it!" On another occasion, he commanded a man named Albert Smith "to clear out of the Territory, and that right straight too," and threatened most brutally to kill him if he refused to comply. He confidently anticipates trouble, and boasts, "We are raising up a set of boys here who will carry blood and thunder to the very gates of the Capitol, if needs be."

We are struck with his coarse but nervous language—his wild way of talking; but yet admire the practical cast of his mind when action is involved. Deceiving himself, a degrader of women, and a conspirator against his country, he still certainly evinces administrative genius of a strong character, in his singular arbitrary and absolute government over the affections, credulity and even lives of his adherents.

Good old Vermont is a pillar among the righteous. One of its papers thus says of it: There is but one city in this State, and not a soldier. We have no police; and not a murderer has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no museum, no crystal palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots.

"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a wee drop yourself, sir?" inquired John. "Ab, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Verra true," quoth John, "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.

SARO FROTH.—Fred, the prince of wags, was jogging home rather late, and a little "happy," when, passing by a dark alley, a large, two-fisted fellow stepped out, seized him by the collar and demanded his money. "M-o-n-e-y! humph!" said Fred, "money I've none; but if you will hold on a moment I'll give you my note for 'thirty days!'"

FIX THE DATE.—At a concert in Wisconsin, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, couldn't you fix the date, that is what we want—just give us the date, Mister."

From the St. Paul Times, 16th ult.
The Minnesota Constitutional Convention.

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

As different stories have appeared in the papers here, relative to the organization of the Constitutional Convention, we present to the world the following statement of facts—which though not exactly official, is authorized by a majority of all the members elect to that body.

1st.—The election having resulted in favor of the Republicans, the Democrats threatened that certain Republican members "should never take their seats alive," and that they would "by hook or crook," have the organizing of the Convention.

2d.—Having assembled at St. Paul, propositions were made to individual Democrats, to agree with the Republicans upon an hour for assembling—no definite time having been fixed by law.

3d.—The Republicans were not satisfied with favor until near 12 o'clock on Sunday night, when the Democratic members in caucus proposed to meet at 12 o'clock M. on Monday 13th, and agreed to sign a paper, jointly with the Republican committee, to that effect. Such a paper was prepared and signed promptly by the Republican committee pursuant to agreement, and then presented to the Democratic committee for their signatures. They quickly pocketed the paper, and sent back a quibbling substitute, agreeing "not to meet until the usual hour!" (not the first compromise they have broken!) When the Republicans demanded the "mutual agreement" they had signed, they were informed that it had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

4th.—Considering this a flagrant breach of faith, and not desiring to put their honor to any further test, or to allow themselves to become again entangled in the meshes of a Democratic plot, the Republican delegates convened at the Council Chamber, in the Capitol, at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, (the Democratic caucus being still in session at the Fuller House) and determined to remain in the building until 12 o'clock, noon, without organization, unless the Democratic delegates should be in attendance before that time.

5th.—Meantime, a paper was signed by 66 delegates having legal certificates of election, requesting J. W. North, delegate elect from Rice County, to call the Convention to order at as early an hour on Monday, as a majority of those members should present themselves at the place of meeting.

6th.—On Monday morning the Democratic caucus passed a resolution to meet for organizing the Convention at 12 o'clock, A. M., and sent a copy, signed by Judge Sherburne, as President, and C. L. Chase, (Secretary and acting Governor of the Territory), as Secretary, to the Republican delegates then in waiting at the Capitol.

7th.—At precisely 17 minutes before 12 by the clock in the Convention Hall, (by which Mayor Becker had pledged himself to be governed), the Democratic delegates, with a crowd of their friends rushed into the hall, and Secretary Chase proceeded to the stand to call the Convention to order.—At the moment Mr. Chase stepped into the Speaker's desk, J. W. North called the Convention to order, and almost simultaneously with him the Convention was bidden to come to order by Mr. Chase. Mr. North moved to appoint T. J. Galbraith, of Scott Co. President *pro tem.*, put the motion and it was carried. Pending this, ex-Governor Gorman had moved that "this Convention adjourn until 12 o'clock, noon, to-morrow." Mr. Chase immediately put the motion and declared it carried. The Democratic members—not to exceed forty in number—then withdrew. Meantime, Mr. North had called Mr. Galbraith to the chair. The delegates (Republican) then remaining in the Convention, were fifty-six in number, who then presented their certificates of election, were sworn in and took their seats as members of the Constitutional Convention. Having a majority of the whole number of delegates, and consequently a quorum, the Convention then proceeded to business.—Hon. St. A. D. Balcomb was elected President, and a permanent organization effected.

8th.—During the next twenty-four hours it was positively asserted by Democratic delegates that they should, at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, take possession of the Hall. Rumors of violence were rife throughout the city, and some resident Democrats, who were opposed to the revolutionary proceedings of the Democratic minority, feared, they said, that there would be blood shed in their effort to take the Hall. In the Democratic caucus at the Capitol on Tuesday morning it was urged that they should take the Hall occupied by the Convention—"peaceably if they could, but forcibly if necessary." At 11 o'clock Mr. Chase came to the door, and in the name of the Secretary of the Territory "demanded the Hall for the use of the Constitutional Convention!"

The President informed him that the Convention was already in session in the Hall, and that it would not be surrendered to any other body.

At 12 o'clock the whole of the Democratic delegation came to the door and reconnoitered. Secretary Chase said to one of his friends, "it's of no use; no man can get possession of that chair," and Judge Sherburne was heard to say, "They will not yield, it is useless for us to attempt." Mr. Gorman stepped inside the door, and addressing his "brigade" outside, said, "I move this Convention adjourn to the Council Chamber." Which move was passed, and the mover moved off with his Democratic satellites. (What "this Convention" would have done if it had decided not to adjourn, is a question for Jefferson's Manual.)

The seceders then convened in the Council Chamber, and continued by the election of H. H. Sibbey, President, and R. F. Houseworth, Secretary. They remained in session about an hour and adjourned until yesterday noon. At 12 o'clock—yesterday they again met, and continued in session precisely fifteen minutes. Major Flandrau moved to adjourn, until 12 o'clock M. on Monday next, an interim of five days, which is violative of Parliamentary rules. Judge Sherburne doubted their power, or the policy of

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The office of THE KANSAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "EXCISION" is our motto.

such an adjournment, and so a compromise was effected by adjourning until this noon. This anxiety to suspend the sessions of their Convention, shows how much faith they have in the Revolutionary posture they have assumed. For the three days of the session now past, the Republican majority in convention (to which convention the Democratic delegates will of course be admitted on application,) has been laboring faithfully to execute the trust imposed by Congress. Not an hour or a minute has been frittered away idly; but every man has been working faithfully, earnestly and unceasingly for the welfare of the whole people.

The above is a frank, candid, straightforward account of the doings of the Delegates up to this morning, and we challenge any man to disprove a syllable of one single statement contained in it. Thus stand matters now. The Democrats are shuffling, shuffling and shuffling. The Republicans are dignified, industrious and firm—confident in the righteousness of their Cause and relying with an unwavering trust, upon the ratification of their action by THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA.

Disclosures of a Liquor Dealer.

Mr. Delavan, President of the New York State Temperance Society, in his recent address in the Capitol in Albany, dwelt mainly on the now prevalent adulteration of liquors:

"Within a few weeks," he said, "it has come to my knowledge, that a person whose conscience revolted at his employment, in a large liquor establishment, has left it for a more innocent and creditable business. He stated that it now only took ten, some say four, gallons of pure whisky to make a barrel of the whisky of commerce. To these are added rain-water, camphene and arsenic, the latter to restore the head destroyed by the water. He stated also, that brandy made to imitate the real French brandy, and of materials of the most poisonous character, was sold at \$4 per gallon, costing only 22 cents. That all kinds of wines were imitated so closely that the best judges could not discriminate; costing but a trifle, and sold at prices to suit customers. The higher the standing of the customer, and the more particular as to his wines, the higher the price to satisfy him as to quality. The most celebrated brands were made use of, and the names of the most celebrated European dealers given, as the source of supply; and European dealers, be it known, are not much behind, but much in advance of the American trader, in their adulterations."

He quotes an advertisement of a chemist in New York, who is now "prepared to furnish the flavorings for every kind of liquor," and the best Cogniac brandy, etc., etc., is produced.—Christian Press.

The Price of Sugar.

The consumers of sugar will read with interest the following remarks upon this dear commodity, which we take from *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for July. It says:

"We have at several times noticed the cause of the high prices of sugar, and referred to the immense speculations in this article going on under the control chiefly of wealthy Spanish houses engaged in the West India trade. By far too large a portion of the Cuban crop has been diverted to the United States to make the question of prices easy of solution. The present stock in New York is nearly seventy thousand tons—almost three-fourths as much as is held in all the principal markets of Europe. The Louisiana crop last year, it will be remembered, fell off to seventy-three thousand nine hundred and seventy-six hogheads. If the growing crop gave no larger promise, the price of Cuban sugar, high as it is, would probably be sustained through the year; but the Louisiana yield is now set down at between three and four hundred thousand hogheads, and if this quantity is realized it will be out of the power of the speculators to control prices beyond the date when the new crop will begin to arrive.

The question of price is then narrowed down to this: will buyers take the stock of Cuban, now in this country and to arrive, at the rates now current, between this date and the 1st December? Holders take the affirmative, and, as far as figures go, make out a fair case, showing a greater consumption for the corresponding period of last year. There is a difference, however, of forty per cent in price, and buyers ask significantly if this great advance will not seriously diminish the consumption. Applied to many luxuries the answer would be easy; but sugar has become a necessity, and experience has shown that when a taste is once acquired for it, it is not readily relinquished. The experiment is now to be tried. We shall not predict the issue, but when it is a matter of history shall chronicle the result.

A LADY'S IDEA OF KISSING.—The editors of the New York Ladies' Repository thus defines this luxury:

"Kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some as sweet as honey, some as mild as milk, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all."

During the last moments of Winn, a Rochester printer, he was heard to say, after having relapsed into a semi-delirious state; "I am on my last tickle—I am coming to a paragraph, and I suppose I'll have to wait for old death to put in the period."

A husband advertises thus: "My wife, Anne Maria, has strayed or been stolen.—Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, anybody can do as they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely I'll pay her's."

How to Keep Cool.—Talking of Sydney Smith's cool idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of airy comfort—"I can better that," said a wit recently, "I'd knock the marrow out and have a draft through."